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Edward Sapir

"Only a little brunette,
 Eh la!
Only a little brunette,
And well I've paid my debt,
 Madondaine!
And well I've paid my debt,
 Madondé!

"Five hundred farthings paid,
 Eh la!
Five hundred farthings paid,
And all for a little maid,
 Madondaine!
And all for a little maid,
 Madondé!"

THE KING OF SPAIN'S DAUGHTER AND THE DIVER

The king of Spain his daughter,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
Will have a trade be taught her,
 Sail, O mariner!
Will have a trade be taught her,
 Sail, O mariner!

And she's to beat the wash,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
To beat and scald and splash,
 Sail, O mariner!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

She's given a beater for smashing,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
And a fine bench for the washing,
 Sail, O mariner!

At the first good rapping she—
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
Her gold ring drops in the sea,
 Sail, O mariner!

She fell to earth in a heap,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
And set herself to weep,
 Sail, O mariner!

Is passing now right here,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
Her gentle cavalier,
 Sail, O mariner!

“And what would you give to me,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
If I looked for it out in the sea?”
 Sail, O mariner!

“A sweet little kiss,” said she,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
“Or two, if you wish, or three.”
 Sail, O mariner!

Edward Sapir

Undresses him eagerly,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
And dives down into the sea,
 Sail, O mariner!

With his first dive and tumble,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
The sea is all in a jumble,
 Sail, O mariner!

With his second dive as he sank,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
The ring went clink and clank,
 Sail, O mariner!

With his third dive down,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
He stays in the sea to drown,
 Sail, O mariner!

Standing the window by
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
His mother does naught but cry,
 Sail, O mariner!

“Is there any maid so renowned,
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!
My son must needs be drowned?
 Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

My son must needs be drowned?"
Sail, O mariner—oh, sail!

WHITE AS THE SNOW

On a lovely bed of roses a lovely maiden sleeping,
White as the snow, beautiful as day.
They are three knights that come to her their love to say.

'Tis the youngest that alights and takes her white hand.
"Princess, come with me—on the back of my steed away!
To Paris we shall go, in a mansion we shall stay."

As soon as they were come, the hostess turns to her:
"Oh tell me, lovely maid, give me the truth to hear—
Is it willing you have come and have you shed no tear?"

And maiden to the hostess: "Innocent am I;
From my father's castle away king's folk have ravished me,
They've carried me to horse to this beautiful hostelry."

She'd finished with her plaint, returned the man-at-arms:
"Eat and drink, my sweet, with a goodly appetite—
'Tis with a man-at-arms you'll pass a pleasant night."

They are seated at the feast, then dead the maiden falls.
"Ring—oh, ring the bells, let drum a dirge for her!
My mistress she is dead, had come to her fifteenth year."